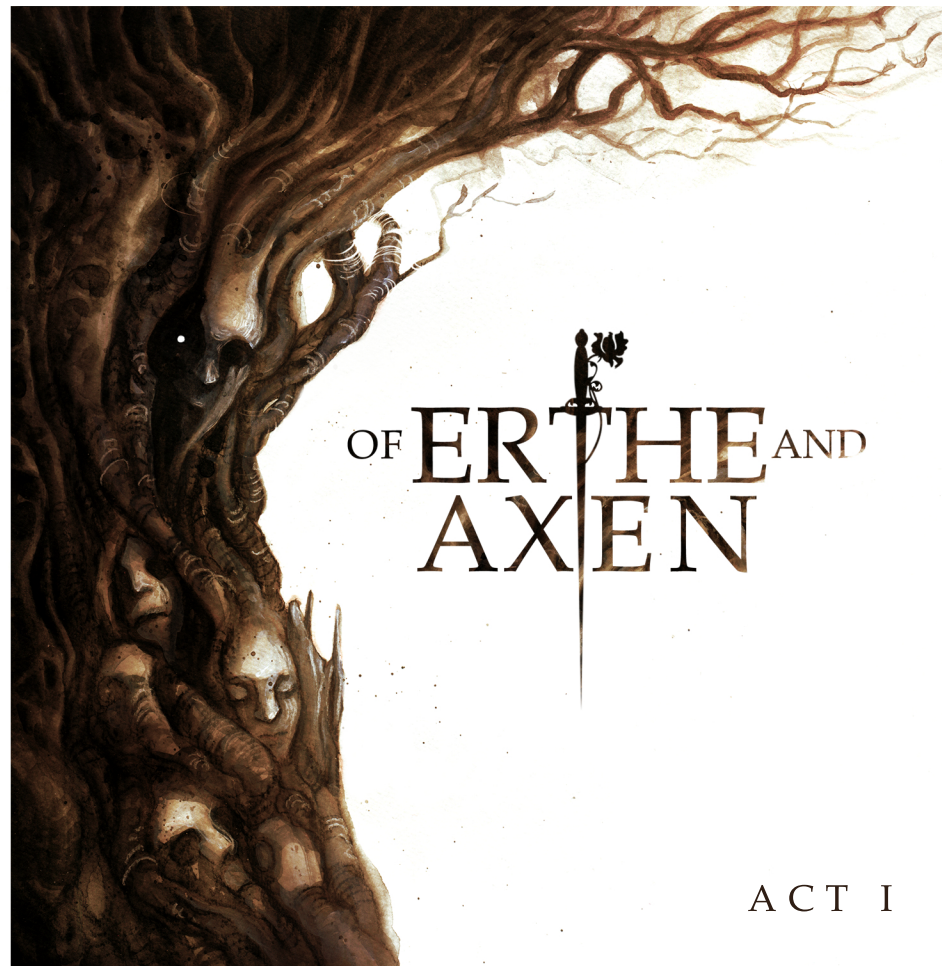


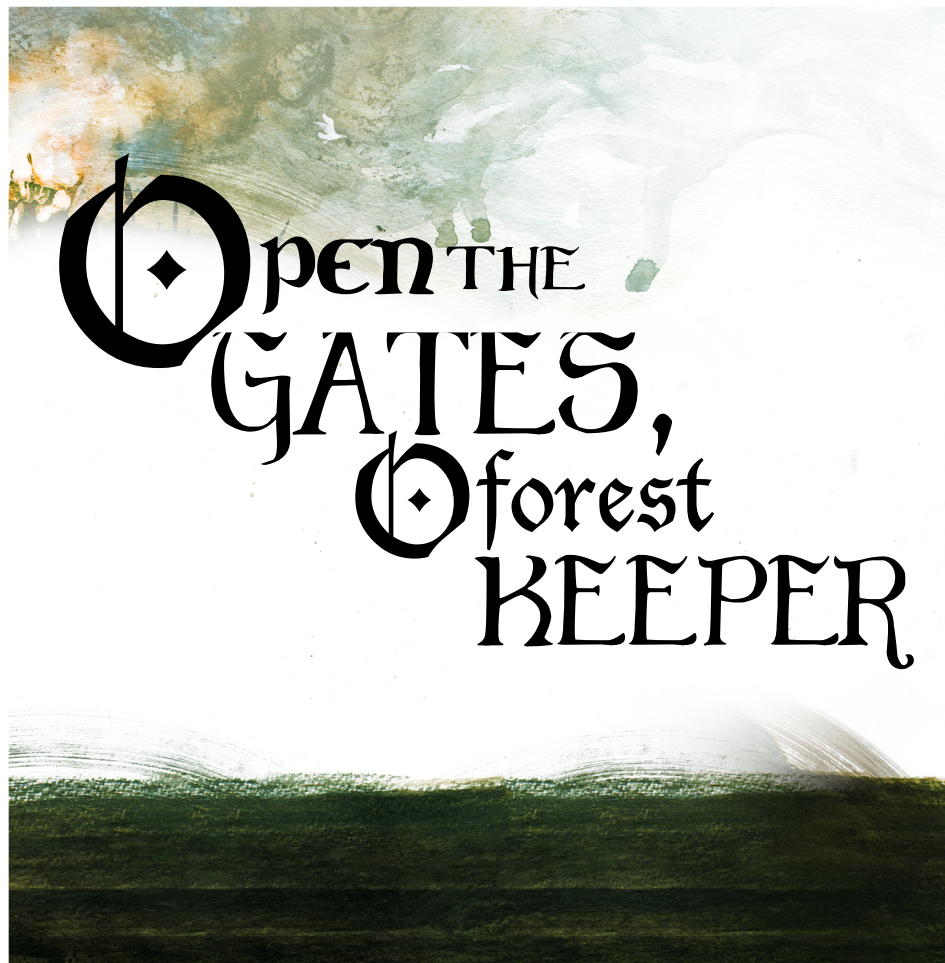


Artwork by Jana Heidersdorf
Photography by Nathan Brookes
Story and concept by Sam Meador
Music composed by Sam Meador and Matthew Earl
Lyrics by Sam Meador with selections by Matthew Earl
*Lyrical selections on "To Souls Distant and Dreaming" by H.P. Lovecraft



OF EARTH AND AXEN

ACT I



Brent Vallefuoco
Guitars, Vocals

Sam Meador
Vocals, Piano, Orchestra,
Acoustic Guitars, Bass

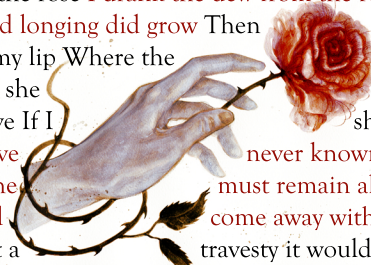


Ali Meador
Vocals

Matthew Earl
Vocals, Drums, Winds,
Orchestra, Percussion

TO AN ANCIENT lost gardens

My love is petals and dew The Erthe, the wilderness too For a fonder man, there
is none Who admires her like the sun Shining down so she may glow But a maid
stood alone In the trees, overgrown And she pondered the plight Of the rose She
drank the dew from the rose I drank the dew from the rose I envy the one that
she chose His stare and longing did grow Then she offered me a sip,
But I dare not touch my lip Where the serpent's tongue hath
coiled For a man she desires, and indeed
one she would have If I should but meet Her gaze
A man like you I've never known Her words a womanly
moan So lonely he must remain alone Her dress so
perfectly sewn If you'd come away with me, We shall never
lonely be What a travesty it would be, Have you never
felt the touch If our eyes should fondly meet Of a maid politely struck by a man
so handsome as you? Come away, silly man No, no 'Tis a green and pleasant
land This cannot be That awaits us through the trees She has led me through the
trees The Erthe, she whimpers neath my feet Her tears, they beg me not to leave
Although sadder tales have been told, None so truthful or so old As the man
And his maid gladly joined



to a few HIGHER RE MIGHT CLIMES STAND

Beyond the feeble reaches
Of conscious memory
A voice long forgotten
Echoes through the chamber
Of my thoughts
I cannot recall the speaker
Or what was spoken
Just a whisper now
Still, it's crying, screaming,
Wanting to be known
As dawn greets dew-wet grass
A brother returns at last
Seven years in patience passed
Long since have I laid
My dreams to ash

Oh rekindled Flame
Dare not speak His name
Oh unfettered son
What gifts you were given
Why, then, did you run?
As night drapes silted shores
No laughter is heard anymore
Tales of terror and of war
Hang heavy in the
Dampened midnight air
Oh, recall the dream
Hunger's rising scream
Rays of glinting light
Glancing off dew-wet blades
This night

I was there
Where once
Our fathers rode
Beyond this
Mortal coil
Toward that
Precipice of stone
Which stands
Unchanged,
Uncaring, and old



No ancient script
Was ever writ
No jewel-decked throne
On which to sit

Soaring high,
The Watcher waits
To slake his thirst
To clean his plate

His jaws agape
His claws unfurled
The Winged-Watcher
Swallows the world

The oceans rise and fall
With his heaving chest
And in the wind
We feel his breath

No cries are heard
No tears are wept
For wise ones know
The bond once kept
The price he asked;
The cost of death:

A single drop,
Still glistening wet,
Of crystal'd pain
To pay a debt

As time went on
The debt accrued

the
SOUL
which
HAS
no
NAME

And we foolish Men
The price refused

Now all is lost
And we, Erthwile
Peer at the stars
Through his crooked smile

Your soul is crumbling, rotting
Beneath the chains of hate
Can you hear those
Mournful, helpless cries?

The sound which
Has no name
Open your eyes
The blackened fog has
Blinded you
And with this darkness
You have shrouded
Our deep and
Wooded home

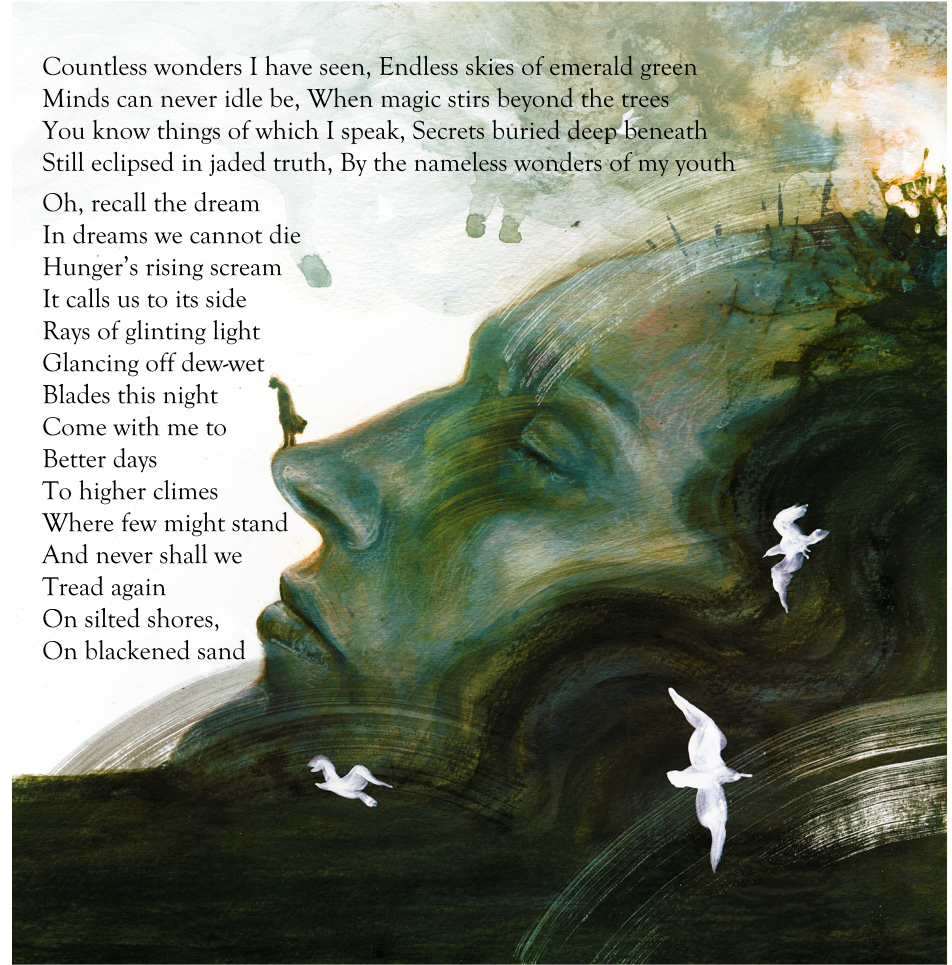
He is our fatal end
Our recompense
He is the fear
We all can sense

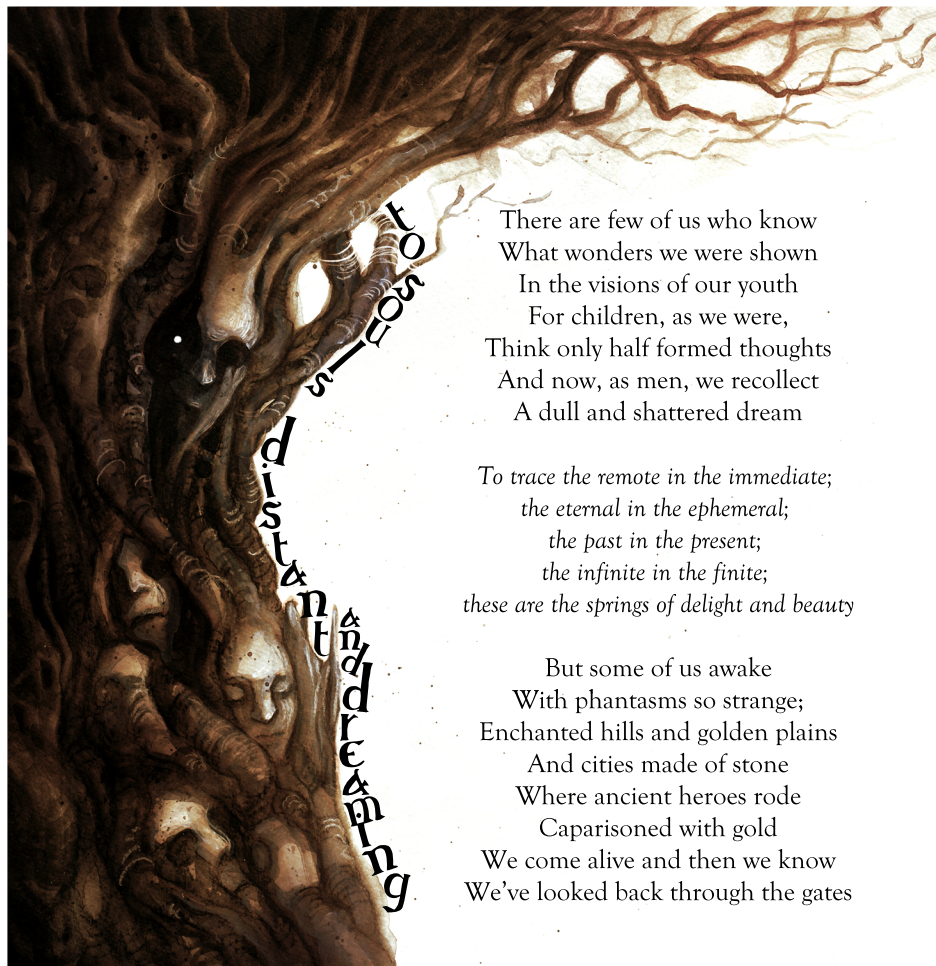
The creeping serpent
The reeking breath
The fangs of Erebus
The certainty of Death

The fangs of Erebus
The certainty of Death

Countless wonders I have seen, Endless skies of emerald green
Minds can never idle be, When magic stirs beyond the trees
You know things of which I speak, Secrets buried deep beneath
Still eclipsed in jaded truth, By the nameless wonders of my youth

Oh, recall the dream
In dreams we cannot die
Hunger's rising scream
It calls us to its side
Rays of glinting light
Glancing off dew-wet
Blades this night
Come with me to
Better days
To higher climes
Where few might stand
And never shall we
Tread again
On silted shores,
On blackened sand

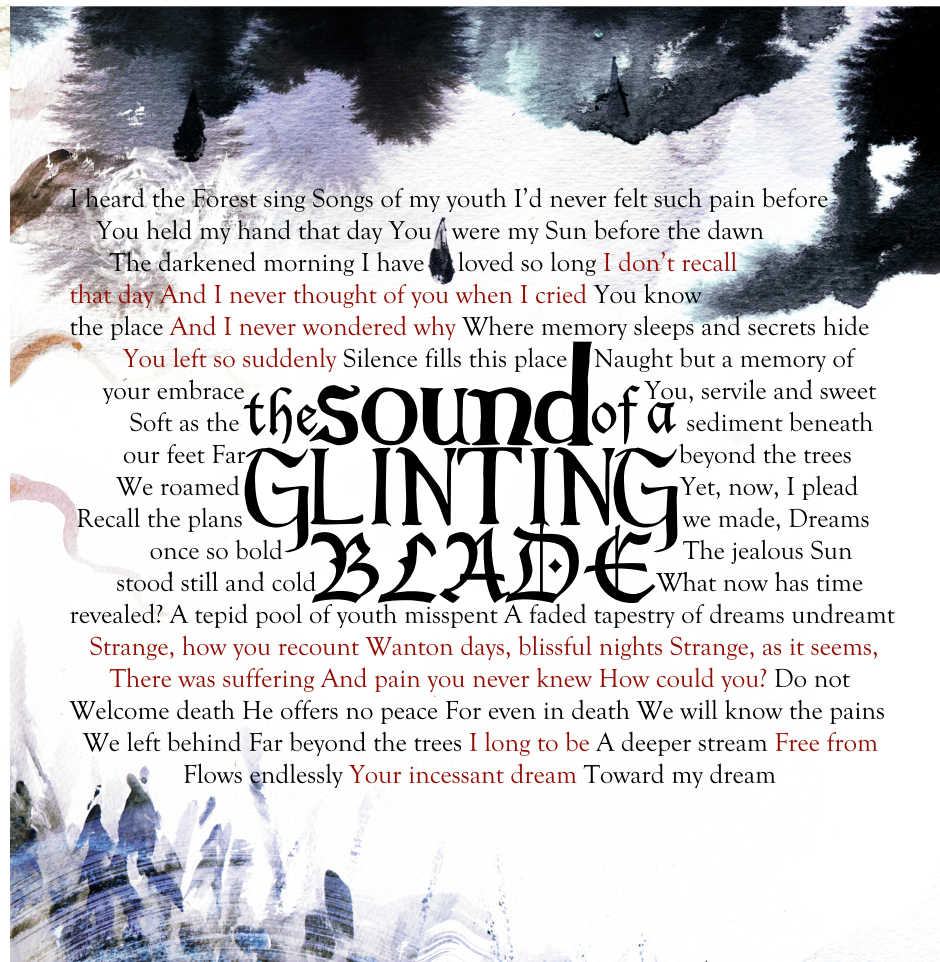




There are few of us who know
What wonders we were shown
In the visions of our youth
For children, as we were,
Think only half formed thoughts
And now, as men, we recollect
A dull and shattered dream

*To trace the remote in the immediate;
the eternal in the ephemeral;
the past in the present;
the infinite in the finite;
these are the springs of delight and beauty*

But some of us awake
With phantasms so strange;
Enchanted hills and golden plains
And cities made of stone
Where ancient heroes rode
Caparisoned with gold
We come alive and then we know
We've looked back through the gates



I heard the Forest sing Songs of my youth I'd never felt such pain before
You held my hand that day You were my Sun before the dawn
The darkened morning I have loved so long **I don't recall**
that day And I never thought of you when I cried You know
the place **And I never wondered why** Where memory sleeps and secrets hide
You left so suddenly Silence fills this place Naught but a memory of
your embrace **the sound of a** You, servile and sweet
Soft as the **GLINTING** sediment beneath
our feet Far beyond the trees
We roamed **BLADE** Yet, now, I plead
Recall the plans we made, Dreams
once so bold The jealous Sun
stood still and cold What now has time
revealed? A tepid pool of youth misspent A faded tapestry of dreams undreamt
Strange, how you recount Wanton days, blissful nights Strange, as it seems,
There was suffering And pain you never knew How could you? Do not
Welcome death He offers no peace For even in death We will know the pains
We left behind Far beyond the trees **I long to be** A deeper stream **Free from**
Flows endlessly **Your incessant dream** Toward my dream



In deep and wooded FORESTS of my youth

I know the place
Where Memory sleeps
And secrets hide

It is not far
Or hard to find
Or too ancient to recall

A sighing stream
This endless forest's dream
Are you still too blind to see it?

The force that feeds
Our endless needs
This deep and wooded dream
That is my heart

But night will fall
And trees once tall
Will bend to his will

That scorching Raven's smile
Writhing, putrid, vile
His sharpened tongue
A spear to kill

A song of soil
The vine's exquisite coil
All but faded footprints
Of my past

But night will fall
And while the midnight
Forest breathes

I will not leave my home
My deep and wooded home

the sound of HUNGER RISES

Ne aveas Mortem
Non dat is pacem
In enim morte
sciemus morsus
quos reliquimus

Just as he came
So he shall go
In woe, in pain, in poverty

Have you ever felt this way before?
Can you feel the power
Surging through your soul?
And once it's over, you'll want more
Can't you see it's what the earth is for-
Can you hear the sound of hunger rise?
We could bring an end to all those
Mournful, helpless cries

Take then good heed
Heed to my word
For as I say
So it shall be

We, the paragons of creation
We, the arbiters of change
Was this not the dream we shared
When we were young and unafraid?
But you saw her there,
Gentle eyes, tempting stare;
And still you're bound by her

No, no, not bound but held
And you needn't think this way
We, were but children you and I
We, thought, as only children think,
This world was ours to conquer,
And its blood was ours to drink
How far you have wandered,
How deep lie your pains.
Bask in this eternal summer
Revel in Morning's glow
Join me on silted shores *once more...*

How long have I labored?
How deep lie the crusted jewels of my innocence?

